

## The Critic

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### Literature

#### "American Sonnets"\*

A JUST LAW prevents the importation, for sale, of foreign books containing matter copyrighted in America. It is to be regretted, nevertheless, that American readers cannot obtain this dainty and well-edited volume of selections from native singers. The poets themselves, no doubt, would gladly waive their rights in this case; but the publisher, as a rule, is less amenable to sentimental considerations than the heaven-born writer of verse. Through the courtesy of Mr. Thomas Whittaker, who republishes in this country the volumes in this series which are not prohibited here by copyright regulations, we are indebted for an opportunity to examine a privately imported copy of the book.

The editor of 'American Sonnets,' Mr. William Sharp, advances the somewhat startling proposition—startling to English ears, at least—that 'a finer body of sonnets on general themes could be selected from the writings of the secondary poets of America than from those of our own minor bards'; and this despite his conviction that 'the sonnet does not appear as naturally in a comparatively youthful as in a mature literature.' But he does not confine himself, in making his selections, to the secondary poets: the writings of the major as well as of the minor bards are drawn upon, and for the greater part his choice has been made with excellent taste and discretion. Some very beautiful poems are missing (notably Mr. Aldrich's 'Sleep'); but this is not to be wondered at; and doubtless Mr. Sharp's sojourn in America will bear fruit in various additions or substitutions should a second edition of his book appear.

As 250 sonnets are given in the book (exclusive of certain examples quoted in the Introduction) and eighty-nine poets have written them, it may be inferred that many a name is represented by a single poem. The most famous singers have not, in each instance, supplied the largest number of verses. Thus Poe is represented by but three examples, Bryant by five, Holmes by one, Whittier by three, Stedman by the same number, Stoddard by two, and Emerson not at all. Lowell's name, however, occurs six times, and Longfellow's twice as often. Of writers less renowned, Fawcett is heard in ten poems, Gilder in nine, Charles Heavyside (Canadian), Lanier, Emma Lazarus and Mrs. Moulton in eight; Aldrich, Hayne, Helen Jackson ('H. H.'), Edith M. Thomas and James B. Kenyon in seven; Mrs. Dorr in six; C. P. Cranch, J. H. Morse, Clinton Scollard, Stephen H. Thayer and Maurice Thompson in five; Arlo Bates, Owen Innsley and Anne Lynch (Mrs. Botta) in four; Bayard Taylor, Henry A. Beers, W. W. Story, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, C. G. D. Roberts and Archibald Lampman (both Canadians) in three; and H. H. Boyesen, Wm. P. Foster, E. L. Gates, Louise I. Guiney, Henry Hamilton, T. W. Higginson, Lillah C. Perry, Margaret J. Preston, Amélie Rives, John G. Saxe, F. D. Sherman, Susan M. Spalding, Celia Thaxter, Jones Very, David A. Wasson, Wm. C. Wilkinson and Robert Burns Wilson in two. There are thus seen to be (by any one

\* American Sonnets. Edited, with Introduction, by William Sharp. 12. London: Walter Scott.

who has the curiosity to count them) just thirty-nine 'singers of one song,' so far as the composition of this anthology is concerned; and amongst them are such familiar names as O. C. Auringer, Henry Bunner, Helen Cone, Dora Goodale, Margaret Fuller, Samuel Peck, J. G. Percival, J. J. Piatt, Edgar Saltus and E. R. Sill.

Not all the selections in this book conform to the recognized rules of sonnet structure. Here be examples of the Petrarchan form (octave and sestet independent, the rhyme-arrangement of the sestet being variable), of the Miltonic (in which 'octave flows into sestet without break of music or thought'), and of the Shakspearian ('three quatrains clinched by a couplet')—a form 'exceptionally suited to English or American writers.' But there are bastard forms, also; for Mr. Sharp rightly holds that the exclusion of any but legitimate variations of the original sonnet form would distinctly impair the beauty and value of his collection. It is interesting to observe that the compiler of the present anthology here repudiates, as 'of no real value,' the theory of 'a metrical and intellectual "wave of flow and ebb,"' originally formulated by Theodore Watts in a sonnet on the sonnet, and advocated by Mr. Sharp in the introduction to his 'Sonnets of this Century.' 'It is indubitable,' he declares, 'that the prevalent tendency to reduce the free impulses in poetry to conformity with certain fanciful formulas is a harmful one, and from this point of view all exaggerated definitions are to be deprecated.' The effect of this tendency is plainly to be seen in England, where an excessive attention to metrical workmanship is more obvious than breadth or strenuousness of poetic motive. Mr. Sharp finds the motive worthier with us, though in artistic care we fall below the transatlantic standard. A handful of quatrains and double-quatrains of rare and delicate finish concludes the anthology—a book of lasting value, not inappropriately dedicated to Edmund Clarence Stedman, author of 'Victorian Poets' and 'Poets of America,' as the foremost American critic.

#### "Selections from Clarendon"\*

IT IS pleasant to depart occasionally from the scientific standpoint from which men contemplate history in these modern and more critical days, and to return to the older and more artistic type, to turn, if the comparison may be permitted, from the *genre* paintings of the modern school to the great historical portraits of the old masters. Weary of the sociological side of the world's history, of the struggles of lord and vassal and of Church with Emperor, and tired with tracing the progress of constitutions, the development of what was simple into what is complex, it is not only refreshing but invigorating to read the lives of men who played a great part in the past if they be written with the pen of a master.

These pen-portraits are stimulating to the imagination: they arouse enthusiasm, they often are moral object-lessons; and since they are a thing concrete, they offer to many minds a better means of forming a fair conception of their originals than can easily be found in any other way. That there is a slight reaction toward the older method is evident from the great number of brief biographies which are to-day issuing from the press, though the double object of these is to glorify both the man and the age in which he lived.

As one turns over the delightful pages of Mr. Boyle's 'Extracts from Clarendon,' and reads, now the masterly sketch of the Duke of Buckingham, now that of Falkland, again those of the great Argyll and Montrose, the actors in the Great Rebellion assume a vividness and splendor of distinction which it is impossible to obtain from even the brilliant pages of Mr. Green. The death of Montrose, one of the greatest subjects in English historical painting, the King's visit to London after the arrest of the five Members, the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester—all these with their wealth of incident are told in clear and felicitous diction.

\* Selections from Clarendon. G. D. Boyle. 8s. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Clarendon's History must ever remain one of the greatest monuments of his age. He had a noble field wherein to labor and he was not unequal to it. Although he must be read with caution and with full appreciation of his natural prejudice and occasional unfairness (as in the case of Pym or of Cromwell), yet when all has been said, it still remains that he was one of the greatest masters of character-sketching which the world has produced since the days of Tacitus. In selecting these sketches for the volume before us Mr. Boyle has shown great skill and discretion, and we have little doubt that many who read this book will open anew the too long neglected pages of the History itself. It is to be hoped that the editor will be encouraged by his success to enter upon the great but worthy task of producing an annotated edition of the entire works of Clarendon.

#### Poems New and Old \*

THERE are many pretty pictures of lake-scenery in Mr. William Wilfred Campbell's 'Lake Lyrics, and Other Poems' (1), but our choice from the collection is a Canadian folksong which, we think, we first read in *The Atlantic Monthly*. It has a pleasing directness and simplicity about it, and like the kettle 'singeth merrily.' Here it is:

The doors are shut, the windows fast;  
Outside the gust is driving past,  
Outside the shivering ivy clings,  
While on the hob the kettle sings.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,  
The ponds are frozen along the road,  
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,  
While singeth the kettle on the fire.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat  
Shivers and buttons up his coat;  
The traveller stops at the tavern door,  
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,  
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;  
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,  
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.

Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

Canada has good reason to be proud of a quartette like Messrs. Lampman, Campbell, Roberts and Carman. We are always glad to see their work, and we see it often in our magazines.

Lovers of poetry will welcome 'The Poems of Walter Savage Landor' (2) which has just made its appearance in the Canterbury Poets Series. The selections have been made by Mr. Ernest Radford, and include 'Count Julian,' portions of 'Gebir,' and nearly one hundred and fifty of those tiny lyrics which Landor polished into jewel-like perfection, as for example this:

According to eternal laws  
'Tis useless to inquire the cause)  
The gates of fame and of the grave  
Stand under the same architrave,  
So I would rather some time yet  
Play on with you, my little pet!

And this:

Time past I thought it worth my while  
To hunt all day to catch a smile:  
Now ladies do not smile, but laugh,  
I like it not so much by half;

And yet perhaps it might be shown  
A laugh is but a smile full-blown.

And finally this exquisite bit:

There falls with every wedding chime  
A feather from the wing of Time.  
You pick it up, and say 'How fair  
To look upon its colors are!'—  
Another drops day after day  
Unheeded; not one word you say.  
When bright and dusky are blown past,  
Upon the hearse there nods the last.

That Mr. Chadwick's poetical work is appreciated and fairly popular may be inferred from the fact that the present edition of his volume entitled 'A Book of Poems' (3) is the eighth. To this edition the author has added some new verses, some of which we think have appeared in the magazines. There are not many poets who have the pleasure of seeing their books attain an eight edition. Mr. Chadwick is to be congratulated.

Beautifully printed and daintily bound is 'Metrical Translations and Poems' (4), by Mr. Frederic H. Hedge and Mrs. Annis Lee Wister. The translations are made entirely from German verses, and include selections from Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Körner, Heine, Sturm, Rückert and a half-dozen others. The poems, of which there are ten, are by Mr. Hedge. 'E Profundis' seems to us to be the best of them:

Beneath Thy hammer, Lord! I lie  
With contrite spirit prone:  
Oh, mould me till to self I die  
And live to Thee alone.

With frequent disappointments sore  
And many a bitter pain,  
Thou laborest at my being's core  
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! Thy hammer's needful wound  
My baffled hopes confess,  
Thine anvil is the sense profound  
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite! till from all its idols free,  
And filled with love divine,  
My heart shall know no good but Thee  
And have no will but Thine.

To Cassell's National Library, edited by Prof. Henry Morley, has just been added 'The Legends of Saint Patrick' (5), by Mr. Aubrey De Vere, which first appeared in 1872. Besides the author's preface, the editor contributes an extract from his 'English Writers,' summarizing all that is actually known about Saint Patrick. Readers and collectors of the works relating to Robert Burns will no doubt be glad to have a copy of 'Burns Holograph Manuscripts in Kilmar-nock Monument Museum' (6), which has been compiled and edited with notes by Mr. David Sneddon. It is interesting as showing faithfully every correction made in the original MSS. by the author. 'Elene' (7) is a collection of four translations from the Anglo-Saxon, made by Prof. James M. Garnett of the University of Virginia. It includes Cynewulf's 'Elene'; 'Judith'; 'Athelstan'; or, 'The Fight at Brunanburh'; and 'Byrhtnoth'; or, 'The Fight at Maldon.' The book is well printed, and the translator has been generous in the matter of notes and references.

In Mr. David L. Proudfit's new volume, 'Mask and Domino' (8), there is nothing better than the first poem, 'The Willis,' which was printed in *The Century* a few years ago. It has a delicacy about it, is exquisite in fancy, and makes one wish that Mr. Proudfit could have filled his book with more of the same kind. But there are other good things in the collection, serious, humorous and comic, and a few in dialect. It is as the author of 'Poor Little Joe,' perhaps, that Mr. Proudfit is best known. This is a pathetic sketch of gamin life which has achieved a great popularity among public readers and elocutionists. Some of the verses in the book are from 'Among the Gamins,' a previous volume by the same author; but most of the pieces are new.

\* 1. Lake Lyrics, and Other Poems. By William Wilfred Campbell. St. John, N. B.: J. & A. McMillan. 2. Poems of Landor. Ed. by Ernest Radford. New York: Thos. Whittaker. 3. A Book of Poems. By John W. Chadwick. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 4. Metrical Translations and Poems. By Frederic H. Hedge and Annis Lee Wister. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 5. The Legends of St. Patrick. By Aubrey De Vere. New York: Cassell & Co. 6. Kilmar-nock Burns MSS. Ed. by D. Sneddon. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 7. Elene, etc. Tr. by James M. Garnett. Boston: Ginn & Co. Mask and Domino. By D. L. Proudfit. \$1. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.



## United States Local Constitutional History\*

A GREAT many of the Johns Hopkins University studies in historical and political science, indeed, we should say rather too many, have been devoted to the history of local government in the United States; but the works of that kind heretofore issued have dealt only with some particular section of the country and generally with a single State. The work now before us, by the Professor of History in the university of Nebraska, is of a more comprehensive character, and deals with the local institutions of the whole country. The first volume, which is all that is yet published, treats of the development of the township, hundred and shire; the second volume, we suppose, being designed to treat of the State Constitutions. The author has unfortunately been too much attracted by what is called comparative politics, and has filled many pages of his book with accounts of the early institutions of Germany and England and even of Greece and Rome. We have been treated to so much of that sort of stuff during the past twenty years that it is becoming a bore, and we wish Prof. Howard had omitted the whole of it; for it has no more connection with American history than Herodotus's works and the Niebelungen Lied have with American literature. Passing by this extraneous matter, the reader is introduced to the history of the New England township, which the author justly regards as one of the most important of our local institutions. When he comes to the Southern States he has to deal with a radically different system, the township being unknown, and the counties in some cases, as in Virginia, being governed by justices of the peace appointed by the Governor. The system that was early adopted in the Middle States, where townships exist in conjunction with an elective county board of considerable power, is the one that Prof. Howard most admires; and he shows how it has been extended with some modifications all over the Great West. In recounting the development of these institutions Prof. Howard has shown great care and diligence in collecting the facts and clearness of style in narrating them. It is difficult to keep such a work free from errors; but Prof. Howard has given his readers the means of testing his statements, his references to the authorities he has followed being very numerous. A work of this kind can hardly be made entertaining except to the few; but those who consult it for information will not be disappointed.

## Recent Fiction

ARTHUR TRESHAM, a budding young Church of England minister with a morbid horror of everything clerical, owes his living at Heathescombe to Lady Sharp, who is a chosen vessel among the Original Perfectionists. This brings him acquainted with Giraldis, a young Catholic gentleman of fortune, and with Father Aloysius, his tutor. Lady Sharp, having made choice of the most objectionable religion she could find, still maintains an acquaintance with several ministers of more respectable sects and manages to domineer over them all. Naturally, there is much clashing of doctrines and of prejudices. Besides all the fun that they create, we have in 'Giraldis' an astonishing member of the modern aristocracy, the Duke of Moneysworth, addressed by his Duchess as 'you pore old darlin'. Tresham becomes engaged to the reputed daughter of the Independent pastor, and about her and Giraldis is wrapped a web of mystery which, when unfolded, gives occasion for a little fashionable pessimistic philosophy. But the author, Ross George Dering, it strikes us, is as affected in his pessimism as our own Mr. Saltus. (75 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

LEARNING not very profound, and a knowledge of human nature not often more than skin-deep, are all that can be granted Mr. M. P. Jones, author of 'Rebekah: A Tale of the Times of Nero' and also 'a tale of three cities.' Rebekah is the daughter of Herodion and niece of St. Paul. The three cities of the story are Rome, to the description of whose burning Mr. Jones brings an imagination scarce capable of doing justice to a fire in a heap of shavings; Cæsarea; and Jerusalem, the story of whose faction-fights and siege by Titus, summarized from the histories, is the most readable portion of the book. The author seems to have given a little special

study to the Jewish private life of the time, and he works out more or less consistently the obligatory love-affair between the Christian Rebekah and the Roman soldier Priscus; but he fails completely to get the reader interested in the fortunes of any one of his characters. (John B. Alden.)

'THERE LIES JULIA flat on her back,' and close beside her lies the bottle of poison. Outside is the blizzard, which prevents arrival of doctor. Mr. Lawrence, who has rushed out to hasten him; is frozen to death in the storm. Papers in his pocket, proofs of a great theft committed by him and his daughter's former suitor, whose persecutions drive her to the poison bottle, from which—alarmed reader—she has taken an overdose, the effects of which will pass away presently. Title, 'Her Sacrifice'; author, F. W. Pearson. (25 cts. Minerva Publishing Co.)—MARSH LANDSCAPES and wide skies and red brick Elizabethan houses are the scenery of Mrs. Comyns Carr's 'Margaret Maliphant.' Characters: Margaret, her sister Joyce, and Trayton Harrod, beloved of both. Intrigue, complications, emigration of Mr. Harrod to Australia. Illness of Joyce, who is ordered to Australia for the benefit of the change. Confession of Margaret. Return of her sister and the lover as Mr. and Mrs. Harrod. Tableau with a background of dim marshland and vast, blue night sky. (45 cts. Harper & Bro.)

'SWEETBRIAR,' by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, tells how Phillis ate with her knife, danced in hotel corridors, buttoned her own boots, wouldn't wear corsets, wore evening dress in the morning, laid herself open to be chaffed and quizzed and cut and sat upon, thought Saratoga tiresome and Newport a bore, cried, 'drank out of her finger-bowl, had fun with strange young men, tipped over a boat, prided herself on sincerity, dreaded her French maid, snubbed the waiter, called out 'How are you, Charley?' to a passing acquaintance, fell into raptures about the Newport Casino, spilled her soup in her lap, drank too much champagne, waltzed till she fell, left the 'Miss' off her card, got shut in a closet, put her feet on a chair, was picked up out at sea in a rowboat, was rude to her enemies, and had a cousin Wilhelmina who wore her boot-heels crooked, ate clams with her fingers, squeezed the accompanying lemon into water to make lemonade, ate pears rind and all, and confused the first and third persons in her answer to a note of invitation. It further tells how, under Mrs. Bostwick's fostering care, they learned the etiquette of card-leaving, not to call 'a dance a ball,' to add the Lenox virtues to the Spartan, to discriminate between partners, to dress for the opera, and, finally, to go into society. In fact—if we must let out the secret—Mrs. Sherwood has written a complete social code for young ladies in the form of an entertaining story, which is made all the pleasanter by W. L. Taylor's pretty illustrations. (\$1.25. D. Lothrop Co.)

'A HAPPY FIND,' by Madame Gagnebin, translated from the French by Miss E. V. Lee, is the story of a founding, Aimée, of a Huguenot aunt, a doctor, and an ogre—of half confidences, mistakes and embarrassments of Maud and Aimée brought about by the fact that their lovers were brothers named Roland and Raoul—of Americans in France and French people in America. Bright, light and perfectly proper. (50 cts. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)—'ALTOGETHER everything has turned out in the most extraordinary and unexpected manner,' Mrs. Ormonde observes to Mrs. Needham; and Mr. Errington, become editor of *The Cycle*, marries Katherine at the end of Mrs. Alexander's 'A Crooked Path.' Any sort of a path which leads to conclusions so desirable is, of course, to be commended, and the thirty-six chapters of this will doubtless be skipped over gaily by hundreds of readers to whom it will be only too plain and straight, if anything. (Rand, McNally & Co.)—ISAAC HENDERSON'S 'Agatha Page: A Parable' has been added to the Riverside Paper Series, in which it is No. 7. (50 cts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

AFAR IN THE NORTHWEST flows the Columbia River. It is, we believe, down on the maps. Its confluent, the Willamette, is a soft-voiced Sybarite; but the Columbia sings the triumph of labor because it has chiselled its rocky path through the cañons to the generously favored city of Portland, early in whose prosperous career Martin Fennimore built a grand house which even now would be a thing of pretensions. So, at least, we are informed in the first chapter of Josephine W. Bates's 'A Nameless Wrestler.' The second introduces us to the figure of a young girl with whom the wind takes flagrant liberties, and who mocks the chattering squirrel and mimics the drowsy lark among the trees that encircle Martin Fennimore's pretentious house. 'It is not the carnivorous that daunts me in love,' she says to a young man who stepped over a log in the twilight of the grand old trees, whose profusion of darkling foliage screened off the light of the opal sky from the

\* An Introduction to the Local Constitutional History of the United States. By George E. Howard. Vol. I. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.

young man Allan, and the pliant girl, and Martin Fennimore's house of palatial pretensions. But these idyllic beginnings soon give place to sterner matters, and the young man Allan becomes a half-crazy hermit, known by the miners of the Bitter Root as Old Onlucky. His son, though, does not inherit his bad luck, but a gold mine instead; and Jean marries Dr. Hild, adopts the young heir, and settles down to unalloyed happiness in the old house which has not yet lost all its pretensions. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE ADVENTURES of two young ladies, each in search of a husband, the Misses Frances and Esmé Nugent, exiled from their home at Billington because their cousin Frank, its owner, had a whim to marry a servant, and thrown for a time on the hospitality of Sir Joseph Yarborough, are told in 'The County: A Story of Social Life' by an author who prefers to remain anonymous. Followers appear, in pairs, and Miss Esmé inevitably falls in love with the one and marries the other. The other turns out a very bad man, and meets a deserved death in a railway smash-up. And the novel ends beautifully, with Esmé in a hammock, in the shade of a Japanese parasol and the company of Sir Allan Vaudrey, the preferred, who has been spending the interval, with admirable forethought, in making himself rich and famous and a baronet. (45 cts. Harper & Bros.)

HE WHO HAS NOT read Mrs. Stoddard's novels has a substantial pleasure in store for him; one that will stay by him for the rest of his life. 'The Morgesons' is, perhaps, the novel that it is best to begin with. The story is woven of an even thread, not broken and knotted over and over again, as in 'Two Men.' Its characters, while some of them are strange enough and all are vividly portrayed, are not portentous or enigmatical like those in 'Temple House.' It contains no passage so powerful as that of the shipwreck in the last-mentioned book; but dramatic situations of a quieter sort abound; and there are none of those exasperating imitations or reminiscences of Tennyson and George Eliot, which strike the reader painfully as tribute rendered where no tribute was due. Mrs. Stoddard has done for the northeastern seaboard, for the old seafaring towns of Maine and Massachusetts, what Miss Murfree has for the Tennessee mountains, and more, for her range is wider. We are not cut off from the great world, but find it centered in old Belem, in that nest of pirate-descended millionaires, cram-full of gout and caste, and selfishness and ennui. The sketch of old Mrs. Hepburn enjoying cat-naps between scandals over her box of yellow letters and ancient jewelry is delicious, and discovers a horizon in the dim past and in other lands which has the effect of a bit of tremulous blue distance in the corner of a foreground study. (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)

W. CLARK RUSSELL'S 'Marooned,' still running in *Macmillan's Magazine*, reaches us in paper covers from Chicago. It is a tale of the sea in which the story is as slight as may be, merely that of a young lady who takes passage for Rio on a small merchant vessel, to meet her affianced, whose cousin accompanies her to take care of her. The officers of the ship are tyrants; the mate is murdered and the Captain thrown overboard by the crew; and the two passengers are marooned on one of the Bahama Keys, for fear they should give evidence against the murderers. The wild life on the little island, where the castaways find a cave dug by buccaners in the good old times, which serves them for a home, is described with an abundance and precision of detail and a gift of homely illustration which bring its tropical splendors and miseries vividly before the reader's imagination. The writer seems to be a stranger to no phase of salt water life. (50 cts. Rand, McNally & Co.)

W. HEIMBURG'S NOVELS are always animated by the best intentions, if by nothing else. In 'Lara: the Major's Daughter,' the principal characters are the Frau Majorin von Tollen, her exacting and capricious son Rudolph, and her daughter Lara. Mother and daughter, of course, idolize the unpleasant young cavalry officer who gets into all sorts of scrapes to the complete upsetting of his family's modest schemes for happiness. Long after any but German patience would have ceased to be a virtue, Rudolph reforms and marries, the good Lara marries, gets divorced and is married again, and the Frau Majorin can drink her coffee in peace in the Frau Pastorin's cosy little parlor. The novel has been translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis and has photo-illustrations of no great merit by George E. Graves. The illustrations apart, it is got up in very nice style. (75 cts. Worthington Co.)

IF LEANDER RICHARDSON had contrived to get one or two wholly respectable characters into his novel of 'Lord Dunmersey,' just for the sake of variety, he might have made quite an entertaining book. The hero is a young Englishman of aristocratic family

who finds it convenient to leave his own country and several places of temporary sojourn in this. He finds it convenient also to assume his cousin's title, his republican acquaintances being of the sort to whom an untitled foreigner is an object of aversion and distrust. His victims, of course, discover his deceptions, and fate in the shape of a female adventurer, more reckless and less successful than himself, pursues him from Europe. Believing himself driven into a corner, he takes his own life, leaving unopened a telegram which would have informed him of his cousin's death and his own succession to title and estate. The novel is cleverly written. Its only fault is the monotonous villainy of almost all the characters. (50 cts. John Delay.)

THE PATRIARCHS of the Twelve Tribes, the Rabbis of the Holy Temple, the Princes of the Palace in Jerusalem and the Sanhedrim of the Holy Sanctuary are the wonderful company that George A. Wall and George B. Heckel conjure up before us in a back parlor in Adairsville, Vt., and Chap. II. of their joint production, 'Jacob Valmont, Manager.' Mr. Valmont, alias Ben Naphtali, it appears, was manager of the secret Holy Order of Israelites, and, if we will only believe it, attempted by improper means to further the interests of the order at the expense of sundry Gentiles, his good neighbors and honest fellow-citizens. But Patriarch Malichi of the West, throned in a modest lodging in Cincinnati and provided with a curiously engraved ring and a little parchment roll in Hebrew, also with wiser counsels, overcame his pernicious influence in the Holy Order, and brought to nought his sinister designs; to which we owe it that American 'Gentility' (so to speak) is still alive and kicking. (50 cts. Rand, McNally & Co.)

'HIS PRIVATE CHARACTER,' by Albert Ross, treats a phase of life which, once on a time, novelists were supposed, in the interest of some of their readers, to be more or less shy of handling. Claude Wyllis's private character is none of the best; neither is his wife's, nor that of their friend, Mrs. Cora Johnson. And, as for several other persons of the story, their private characters are very bad, indeed. The tale, in short, is one that has been told many times in the divorce-courts, and its moral is of the sort that may be gleaned from reports of divorce-court proceedings. There is a difference, however, and it is in favor of the novel. Mr. Ross's language is rather better than that of the average reporter; his art is not quite so crude; and he makes his moral plain enough without any positive indecency. (50 cts. G. W. Dillingham.)

#### Magazine Notes

MR. ABBEY'S delicate and graceful drawings are again this month the most delightful feature of *Harper's*. They illustrate the young poet come up to town, his night with Dick Steele in Bury Street, his consultation with old Jacob Tonson the Elzevir of prim Queen Anne's reign, his waiting in My Lord's ante-chamber, his acceptance of My Lord's thanks for his dedication when he expected more substantial acknowledgment, and last, but not least, his Wiltshire sweetheart, to whom he returns without fame or fortune but in time—as is related in Austin Dobson's ballad 'The Noble Patron.' The White Terrace of Hierapolis, a calcareous formation deposited from the waters of the famous hot spring, is described and illustrated by Tristram Ellis, who appears not to have heard of the similar formations in Yellowstone Park, for he calls it 'unique,' now that something of the sort in New Zealand has been destroyed by an earthquake. The well was anciently a sacred one, described by Strabo, and its stream was conducted straight through the theatre, gymnasium and public baths of the city. The ancient channel is now mostly shored up with its sediment, and it spreads at large over the sloping face of the cliff, falling over it in a succession of urns and basins, propped by snowy stalactites such as one sees in photographs of the Yellowstone wonders. 'A Corner of Scotland Worth Knowing,' on the southern shore of the Frith of Forth, is described by Prof. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., and illustrated by Joseph Pennell and W. Small. Among the illustrations are a moonlight view of Prestonpans; Haddington Church, where Mrs. Carlyle is buried; the Bass Rock, with a fleet of fishing vessels; the town of North Berwick; Tantallon Castle lost in a fog which is scaling the cliffs; and two pictures of golf players. The Tantallon is a very good specimen of photo-engraving. The abbey Church of St. Denis, near Paris, is made the subject of an article by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, in which he reviews the rise of Gothic architecture. Mr. Howard Pyle, with pen and pencil, portrays the manners and customs of the Pennsylvania Dunkers; and Mr. Theodore Child, combined with Mr. T. de Thulstrup, accomplishes as much for the Russians, Jews, Chinese and Persians that throng the great Russian fair of Nijni-Novgorod. The number is very rich in fiction and poetry. Charles Dudley Warner's 'A Little Journey in the World'



has reached its seventh milestone, or 'part.' 'Butterneggs,' by Annie Trumbull Slosson, illustrated by A. B. Frost, is a tale of heredity as manifested in the Knappses of Coscob. 'Aunt Dorothy's Funeral,' by Margaret J. Preston, and 'Captain Brook's Prejudice,' both good short stories, complete the list of fiction; and the poets (living) beside Mr. Dobson, are Howard Hall and Lucy Larcom. Wordsworth's sonnet, 'Hail Twilight!' is given with an engraving, after Alfred Parsons, of nightfall in a rocky moorland landscape. Mr. Curtis, in the Easy Chair, derives a mild amusement from the rivalry of our chief cities for the glory and gain of being chosen as the site of the World's Fair; and declares that the recent debate upon royal grants in the House of Commons 'revealed the character of the general feeling upon the subject of royalty,' and showed that 'the phantom of divine right has disappeared' in England. In the Study Mr. Howells reviews Lodge's Life of Washington, Fiske's 'Beginnings of New England' and Roosevelt's 'Winning of the West.'

In the October *Atlantic*, Wm. Cranston Lawson attempts the ambitious feat of rendering in heroic verse, with prose comment and narrative interspersed, the closing book of the Iliad. The most obvious fault of his verse is its monotony. He explains his attempt, in part, by the unsatisfactoriness of Bryant's translation which he considers the best; that of Lang, Leaf and Myers being spoiled by Mr. Lang's fondness for an antiquated idiom, which 'brings with it an impression of the most un-Homeric of all qualities—literary self-consciousness.' Agnes Repplier, in an article on 'Fiction in the Pulpit,' attacks not, as might be supposed, any lapses from truth of popular preachers, but the claim to teach morality put forward by modern novelists or by critics in their favor. She is especially severe on Mr. Howells for daring to find a moral purpose in 'Madame Bovary'; compares Flaubert with Swift, as if Swift, too, were not a moralist in his way; and, in general, orders back to their one work of furnishing light amusement to weary mortals, the vagabond romancers, who are invading without authority or vocation, the positions of preacher and teacher. She is more happy in calling to her aid Mrs. Sarah Battle's implied opinion on novels, when she turned to such trifles for relaxation after the serious business of whist, than she is in quoting Lamb's own paradox, that 'if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves;' for that simple representation of truth is all that Flaubert and his followers are supposed by the critics to attempt. Another stickler for fiction and poetry unsmirched by contact with gross reality is Sophia Kirk, who attempts a parallel between mental and physical 'Prismatics,' between the perception of light as color and the perception of truth as poetry. Her argument is ingenious but vague, and reminds one too often of Merlin's philosophy—all 'illusion and confusion and abusion.' L. D. Morgan writes learnedly of 'Ladies and Learning'; there is a biographical sketch of the late Theodore D. Woolsey, by Joseph Henry Thayer. 'The Tragic Muse' has reached its thirtieth chapter, and 'The Begum's Daughter' its twenty-first. Clinton Scollard, Mary Colborne-Veel and John B. Tabb are the poets of the month.

M. Coquelin, in the October *Century*, comparing Shakespeare and Molière, says that it would be as easy to make a show of reason for attributing 'L'Ecole des Femmes' and 'Don Juan' to the great Condé as it is to ascribe Shakespeare's plays to Bacon. It would explain, he thinks, many things to do so—the private performances at Condé's house, the fact that Molière left no manuscripts behind him. Yet no one, in France, has seriously thought of bringing forward such a theory. He draws an interesting parallel between Molière the man and Shakespeare the man, as to their personal characters, their circumstances and the accidents of their lives. As to their differences, Shakespeare was a poor actor, Molière a great one; yet on the principles of acting they agree: they show the same passion for nature, the same aversion from over-emphasis. His pre-occupation with the stage made Molière the surer observer, but the narrower, of the two. Both, however, thought so much of the stage as to be indifferent to the printing of their works. Falstaff, M. Coquelin thinks, is Shakespeare's best rounded comic type. 'The Tempest' is 'the most divine poem ever dreamed by man.' For pure comedy, 'Les Précieuses Ridicules' is Molière's best; 'Tartuffe' is a great social drama, a satire on society; Utopias, Forests of Arden, enchanted isles were beyond him. Mr. Edward L. Wilson attempts to illustrate the reigns of Saul, David and Solomon in great part with views of Roman, Mohammedan, and mediæval buildings. He gives Herod's tower as 'The Tower of David,' an Arab mosque as 'Rebecca's Tomb.' Of course, it is understood that he does not believe in the common legends about these remains, nor expect his readers to do so; but why, then, give them? The permanent features of the land and its life might better employ his camera and his pen to the exclusion of such matters as can be con-

nected with his theme only by a thread of ignorant suppositions. In the text of his article, 'Three Jewish Kings,' there is a similar appeal to the juvenile intellect. He repeats stories out of the Bible as if the Bible were not a popular classic. It would not much matter if he did not show, at the same time, a faculty for more useful work. Any one who has read many books of Eastern travel will say that his pen-pictures of the plain of Esdraelon and of Arab hospitality are seldom matched for clearness and vividness. It is to be regretted, therefore, that he has made of his experiences a mere Sunday-school lecture. An anonymous writer gives a very distressing account of 'The Pretty Girls in the West,' to which Mary Hallock Foote supplies an antidote in a picture which is altogether charming. The writer thinks the pretty girl has no business on the plains. He intimates that her mother, whom he makes responsible for her, is a fool for her pains. We prefer to turn from this gloomy view to the inspiring picture where, with hammock and mandolin and homemade tea-table, the pretty girl occupies the broad piazza with her booted and spurred young man, while the long line of the buttes shows between the square pillars, and a few spikes of some liliaceous plant fringe the low wall from which they spring. The engravings in the other illustrated articles—the East Siberian mining- and snow-scenes, those in the articles on 'Manual Training' and 'The Training of the Teacher,' and 'The Democratic Ideal in Education,' are fully up to *The Century* standard. The number is rich in attractions.

'The Master of Ballantrae' is ended in the current number of *Scribner's*, and Harold Frederick's 'In the Valley' has reached its seventh chapter and supplies Mr. Howard Pyle with the subjects of two pretty drawings, one of which answers as frontispiece. Pictures of grinning Masai beauties and of jolly-looking Masai warriors, with spear-blades as long as their arms, illustrate Joseph Thomson's article, 'How I Crossed Masai-Land.' The uses of electricity in land and in naval warfare are written of by Lieut. John Millis, U. S. A., and Lieut. W. S. Hughes, U. S. N., respectively, and illustrated with pictures of machinery after photographs and fancy pictures of actual work, of which the most terrific is M. J. Burns's 'A Mine Explosion during an Advance.' 'A Summer in Iceland,' by Charles Sprague Smith, introduces cuts of geysers and horn spoons, Parliament plans and silver filigree work. Prof. N. S. Shaler has an article on 'The Common Roads'—a subject that seems to be attracting a good deal of attention just now. The poetry of the number is contributed by Edith Wharton, Duncan Campbell Scott and Edward S. Martin. The decay of New England farm and village life is the theme chosen for this month's End Paper, and Donald G. Mitchell ('Ik Marvel') has written it. The article is called 'A Scattering Shot at Some Ruralities.'

Goethe's World-Spirit is pitted against the Vishnu of the Bhagavad Gita by Dr. Wm. T. Harris in the September number of *Poet-Lore*, and great is the hurly-burly of the 'Negative Absolute' and this all-devouring Hindoo deity. Harrison S. Morris sets 'Browning against Browning' with results almost as appalling. 'Shakespeare's Egoism' is treated of in a page and a half by John Phelps Fruit, and the remainder of the number is devoted to Societies, the Study, the Library, and Notes and News.—*The Chautauquan* has been greatly improved by changing its form to correspond with the other magazines.

Prof. M. Allen Starr, in the October *Popular Science Monthly*, shows what little progress has been made in localizing the functions of the brain, and diagramizes the conception of a rose, showing that the old phrenology was wrong both in theory and in fact. F. C. H. Wendell, Ph.D. tells of the life of a schoolboy in Ancient Egypt, and reminds us of what we owe to such of the scribes as died young, with whom their copy exercises were buried, thus preserving for us abundant extracts from Egyptian classical literature. T. Johnston Evans writes enthusiastically of Killarney as 'The Home of the Ferns.' There is an illustrated article by W. H. Larrabee on 'The Bronze Age in Sweden,' in which the author adds his testimony to what is now a generally accepted principle—namely, that the various styles of antique art belong to their periods rather than to the races with whom they are usually connected.

Claude Phillips begins his article on 'A Century of French Art,' in *The New Review* for September, by leading us back through other centuries to Jean Fouquet the miniaturist, Jean Cousin the painter and book-illustrator, and Jean Goujon the Sculptor. Coming down by Callot, Claude and Poussin, the vignettists, the classicists and their opponents, he claims a lasting fame for Delacroix in spite of his occasional bad drawing, and for Prudhon in spite of Canova's evil influence on him. Of the moderns he gives best places to Corot and Millet; but omits all but mention of the living landscapists and of the French school of sculpture. The sad case of 'The Dying Drama' moves Mr. William Archer to pity—and to antagonize Mr. Henry James, who it appears would give the coup

*de grace.* He, himself, thinks a new method is slowly evolving; that we will be less crazy for scenery when scenery is perfected; and that plays are nowadays printed only in dirty prompt-books 'because the publication of a play exposes it defenseless to American piracy.' Here we must differ from him, for we cannot imagine American pirates caring about the dirtiness of their original. They are not so squeamish. Other articles are on 'The American Question,' 'The Progress of Co-Operation' and 'The French Elections.'

A pretty Negro story, 'Banjon Jean' (Banjo Jean), by Maurice Thompson, and a novelette of New Orleans life, 'Creole and Puritan,' by T. C. de Leon, go far to make the October *Lippincott's* a Southern number. The scene of the latter story shifts to Egypt and New York, but the mocking-bird song in the former would alone give a Southern flavor: From its chorus,

Ra-ta-ta, lo pic-bois gran  
Becquète lo toit de mo' caban,

one may almost construct the tale. Mary Ainge De Vere, Ellen Seawell and John B. Tabb supply the poetry of the number. Annie H. Wharton, in a short article, accepts the goldenrod as a national flower; and Junius Henri Browne bemoans 'The Trials of Magazine Editors' who 'long for a limited paralysis of the literary productiveness of the land,' and for whom to discharge his duty is to discharge his friends. Robert Timosol bespeaks a new edition of Marcus Aurelius like that which Mr. T. W. Rolleston has given of Epictetus in the Camelot Series, and S. B. Wister gives some account of the correspondence of John Lothrop Motley.

### The Lounger

IT IS AMUSING to read the explanations that are offered of the failure of Messrs. Belford, Clarke & Co. The *Press*—which sometimes encroaches on the territory of the humorous weeklies, in its advocacy of a 99-in-the-shade protective policy—attributes it to the publication of 'free-trade documents,' and the attempt to establish a 'free-trade magazine.' To a *Tribune* reporter, Mr. Robert L. Belford, who has had charge of the company's business in this city, said:

I ascribe our misfortune mainly to the non-existence of an International Copyright law, which is practically begging the publishers in the two countries. When the system of piracy came into vogue, we, like other houses, had to adopt it in sheer self-defence, but the publication of English works has increased a hundred-fold and the result has been that if we reprinted a work from the other side, fifty other houses were doing the same thing with the same work, and no one but the printer and binder reaped a cent of profit.

'The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be.' When piracy came in vogue, Belford, Clarke & Co. became pirates; but when they 'got left,' they concluded that piracy was poor policy. Ten to one Mr. Belford's experience has persuaded him that it is not only impolitic but dishonest, and that the rivals who have run him out of the business are on the highroad to perdition.

I SHOULD BE quite willing to believe that literary piracy had wrecked the house of Belford, Clarke & Co. The sooner piracy fails to pay, the sooner we shall have International Copyright. We have thrived on piracy, and told the British author that if he didn't like it, he might lump it. Now some of us are starving on its husks. Pretty soon we shall bow down contritely before the people whom we have fleeced and flattered at, and confess that we have sinned before Heaven and in their sight, and are no longer worthy to be their readers or publishers, but that if they will only forget the past, we shall be most happy to secure our own rights in the future by guaranteeing theirs. And then we shall be forgiven, and having done justice at the point of the bayonet, will slap ourselves on the chest, and exclaim, 'See what a good boy am I.'

BUT GLAD as I should be to think that it was the lack of International Copyright that had brought a piratical publishing-house to the ground in ruins, I am skeptical in the case of Belford, Clarke & Co. What really brought this firm to grief, I am happier to believe, was the falling off in the demand for erotic literature. The conspicuous books in their list were books that no gentleman's library should contain, and no lady's did. The sort of thing that Edgar Saltus, Selina Dolaro, E. Heron-Allen, Laura Daintry and Ella Wheeler Wilcox turn out in response to a supposed craving on the part of prurient readers, constituted an important part of the Belford stock in trade. See how they advertise some of these books in the current number of their magazine: Of one they say that, 'like others from the same hand, it is not exactly a pleasant one,' but is 'a lesson to wilful girls, who think they know more about masculine human

nature than their fathers do.' Another is the story of 'an honorable and pure-minded man whose life is blasted by the fatal love of a false woman.' Another deals with 'the crime, temptation and misery of the poor.' In yet another we find ourselves in 'a maze of passion, sorrow and error.' Of one author it is said that he 'has found his conscience at last,' yet the same list advertises the books he wrote before he made that discovery. The worst thing about this sort of literature is that it thrives under attack. To denounce it only advertises it, and the publishers know this and count every severe criticism as so much pure gain. I don't like to kick a man when he is down, but we can easily spare publishing-houses of this character.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP, one of the rising generation of English men-of-letters, will sail for Liverpool to-day (Saturday) on the *Servia*. Strictly speaking, Mr. Sharp is a Scotchman, having been born (1856) the son of a Paisley manufacturer, and educated at Glasgow, at the University. For a man so young he has done an unusually large amount of work. At twenty-one he visited Australia and New South Wales, and perhaps the most noted of his poems is 'The Last Aboriginal,' which was inspired by that trip. In this country he is not yet widely known, though the appearance of his name as editor of the very pretty series of monthly shilling volumes sold in London by Walter Scott and here by Thomas Whittaker, and known as the *Canterbury Poets*, has been an introduction to a select circle of American readers. His 'Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy,' published in London a year ago, showed him to be a poet of original quality; and his new volume, a compilation of 'American Sonnets' (reviewed on another page of this week's *CRITIC*), though it cannot be sold in the United States, will make him still better known on this side of the water.

MR. SHARP has been the guest of the Canadian poet, Prof. C. G. D. Roberts of Windsor, Nova Scotia, and has also visited friends in Montreal. On his way from Canada to New York, about a fortnight since, he stopped off at Boston, where he had a friendly chat with Mr. Howells, who has taken up arms in *Harper's* against his theories of poetry and romance. (This subject, I believe, was not broached during the interview.) In this city he has been the guest of Mr. Stedman, though he spent last Sunday with Mr. Henry M. Alded, editor of *Harper's Monthly*, at his home at Metuchen, New Jersey. At the first fall meeting of the Authors Club, to be held on Thursday evening of this week, it was designed—and I presume the intention was carried out—to have him meet, informally, such members of the literary guild as have already returned to town, with some of whom he had been brought in contact somewhat earlier in his sojourn here. Upon all whom he met, Mr. Sharp made a very favorable impression. He is a man of fine appearance and agreeable manners, and withal a capital conversationalist. He by no means realizes the conventional ideal of the poet or literary worker, his mould and manner being those rather of a man whose life has been lived in the open air, to whom the cricket bat 'comes handier' than the pen, and who would rather pull an oar than push a paper-cutter any day of the week.

MERELY TO MAKE the record complete, let me add that Mr. Sharp's publications not noted above include 'Dante Gabriel Rossetti: A Record and a Study' and 'The Human Inheritance, and Other Poems' (both in 1882); 'Earth's Voices, Transcripts from Nature, and Other Poems' (1884); 'Heinrich Heine' (1888) and 'Shelley' (both in the Great Writers Series); 'The Life, Correspondence and Friendships of Joseph Severn'; a biographical and critical memoir prefacing Philip Bourke Marston's *Poems*, in the *Canterbury Poets*; and, in the same series, 'The Songs and Sonnets of Shakspeare' and 'Sonnets of this Century' (1886), the latter a compilation of which 30,000 copies have been sold; and 'Children of To-Morrow: A Romance' (1889).

IT OUGHT TO BE that when a man is married and has a family of children and is a well-known citizen of the town where he lives, there should be no doubt in any one's mind as to his identity. Unfortunately, however, this is not necessarily the case. To be sure he may think, that he is himself, and others may share his opinion. He may answer exactly to his own description, and to that which his friends would give of him; but even then a double may spring up and give him trouble—as in the case of Thomas Garvey of Scranton, Pa. Thomas is a married man, and has for ten years or more been known to the people of that town as Thomas Garvey, Tom Garvey, Thos. Garvey, or T. Garvey, Esquire, as the case may be; but during most of this time, a Mrs. Walsh of Pittston, in the same State, has been insisting upon it that he is husband, Stephen Walsh, who, it seems, has disregarded his marriage-vows and left his wife to shift for herself. Mrs. Walsh is



right-minded enough to acknowledge that her Stephen was a tall man, while Thomas is short; but she gets out of the difficulty naturally created by this discrepancy by saying, with easy credulity, that 'this country shrunk him.' Unfortunately the courts did not share her credulousness, and have decided that 'Thomas Garvey and Stephen Walsh are two separate and distinct persons.' We can appreciate what a relief this decision must have been to the doubted Thomas; for if Mrs. Walsh, who seems to be a woman of remarkable persistency, had continued in her assertions unchecked, he might actually have come to believe himself the shrunken Stephen. This country, by the way, has recently caused *one* man to 'shrink,' and that is Légitime. He wasn't half as big a man in the United States as he was in Hayti.

PROF. H. H. BOYESEN writes from Columbia College:—'Mr. K. August Linderfelt should make sure of his facts before he draws his inferences. I have never, in a single instance, used the word *Norse* as referring to anything connected with Sweden or Denmark, but I have, and as I think properly, used it as a synonym for *Norwegian*. If the Swedes wished to have the word applied in a wider sense, I should surely offer no objection; but I am inclined to think that they would be the very first to object to such an application. In fact, if I understand Mr. Linderfelt aright, the very gist of his complaint is that he is frequently called a Norseman. He has, of course, as good a right to feel proud of his nationality as any one; and if I were a Swede, I should probably feel no less annoyed at being called a Norwegian than he does. Again, Mr. Linderfelt does me injustice when he says that I systematically ignore the Swedish literature, and everything connected with Sweden and Denmark. I regret to learn that he has not thought it worth while to read what I have written on this subject, but I should not think of criticising him for this, if he did not sweepingly assert that no such writings are extant. If Mr. L. will do me the honor to examine *The Chautauquan* for 1887 (I have forgotten the exact month) he will find there an article by me on Danish and Swedish literature, and in *The New Princeton Review* he will find a much longer and more elaborate one on 'The Modern Danish Literature.' I also wrote, some years ago, an article on Esayas Tegnér for *Literary Life*, and I have reviewed the writings of Topelius in several periodicals.'

'MR. L. IS, I THINK, himself "ridiculous" when he holds me, Mr. R. B. Anderson *et consortes* responsible for the comparative obliteration of the Swedish nationality in the United States. Why does not Sweden, which is a far larger country than Norway and has fully as many representatives on this side of the Atlantic, take care of her own interests? Why are there no literary men of Swedish extraction in the United States to press the claim of their literature to recognition among Americans? Every man is naturally most interested in his own, and writes about that which he knows best. To me Norway is dearer than Sweden, and I write by preference about Norwegian literature both for this reason, and because I am more familiar with the productions of Norwegian authors than with those of Sweden.'

'FINALLY,' Mr. Boyesen concludes, 'I may be permitted to remark that what I know of contemporary Swedish literature has not prejudiced me in its favor. The most conspicuous Swedish author to-day is August Strindberg, a coarse, almost brutal proclaimer of the rights of the flesh,—a preacher of sensualism in its baldest and most unattractive forms. If Mr. L. has read "Giftas" he will scarcely object to this judgment. Next to him stands Mrs. Edgren, a highly gifted lady, an excellent writer of short stories and a good dramatist. But possibly because I am not sufficiently familiar with the life which she describes, she fails to inspire me with any deep and lasting interest. I could mention others of inferior rank, but must forbear. If Mr. L. disagrees with this opinion, let him go to work and convince me and the American public of my error. I shall be delighted to read what he has to say. No one will welcome him or any other talented Swede more cordially into the brotherhood of American men of letters than I.'

IT IS SAID that the Shah of Persia has been good enough to accept a set of Mr. Browning's poems with which the poet presented him. I wonder how many volumes of his own poems a poet gives away in the course of his life. It is comparatively unusual for a novelist to be asked to give away his novels, but people seem to think that they are paying a poet a compliment when they say: 'Oh, do give me a volume of your poems. I have never read any of them, and should be so pleased to have a copy.' The poet is expected to blush with pleasurable excitement, and to send the price of a volume, with 'author's discount' subtracted, to his publisher, with a request to send a copy at once, post-paid, to the ad-

dress enclosed. I heard a poet say once that the entire profits of his first volume of poems were consumed in presentation copies—and the profits were not so small, either.

THERE CAN BE no doubt of the width and depth of the popular feeling in opposition to the proposed use of any portion of Central Park as a site for the World's Fair of 1892. *The Epoch*, I am glad to see, is strongly enlisted on the side of the defenders of the people's pleasure-ground, and emphasizes its attitude by printing, not merely an editorial protest in conventional form, but a series of brief italic outcries throughout its pages. By this time, I doubt not, the members of the Committee on Site are heartily sick of the choice they made—particularly those luckless ones who occupy editorial chairs, and are constrained by a not unnatural *esprit de corps* to defend the Committee's action.

'A CORNER of the Dutch East Indies' is described by Capt. G. Langen in the September *Popular Science Monthly*. The article opens thus:—'The Key or Ké Islands of the Dutch East Indies derive their name from a native word signifying "What do you say?" The native tradition runs that when Macassar traders first landed there and inquired in the Malay tongue the name of the land they had set foot on, the natives answered "Kay?" and this expression was mistaken by the questioners for the name of the islands.' In defining the word 'kangaroo,' Stormonth's Dictionary offers the following explanation of the term:—'A native Australian name, signifying literally, "I don't understand," said to the English who asked the name of the animal, and which was mistaken for the animal's name.' Overlooking the superfluous 'which was' in this sentence, I should like to know whether the Key Islands and the kangaroo are the only things that have derived the names by which they are known in the Western world from similar misconceptions on the part of early travellers. I should think that out-of-the-way corners of the earth would teem with them, but I do not recall any but these two at the present moment.

### Boston Letter

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has been in Cambridge for several days with his daughter as the guest of President Eliot, and is much pleased with the old university town, though he naturally misses those features of separate colleges which give zest to the competition of students in the great English universities. His agreeable manners and evident liking for this country have deepened the favorable impression produced by his books, and he has been made to feel at home in those cultivated circles which he is peculiarly fitted to appreciate. While his appearance is not that of the typical Englishman, as it is the reverse of burly, his voice betrays his nationality, though its tones are exceptionally pleasing. His face does not suggest the poet, but rather the man of affairs, and the eager, sympathetic spirit of inquiry which is expressed in his Dickens-like features, is such as might be looked for in the editor of a great London newspaper.

Since he has been in Cambridge Sir Edwin Arnold has given the finishing touches to the lectures which he is to deliver before Harvard University on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. He does not write out his lectures, but speaks from memory with the aid of notes. I hear that these two will probably be published in *The Atlantic*. It is to be hoped that he will reap a substantial benefit from his visit to this country in an increased demand for the authorized edition of his 'Light of Asia' and other works, for which Roberts Bros. pay him a royalty on every book sold, just as if he were an American author. I only wish that the editions of piratical publishers, by which they have made so much money at his expense, would fall dead on their hands.

It was pleasant for Sir Edwin Arnold to meet some of the eminent authors of the Literary Club at their dinner on Saturday. Dr. Holmes took the trouble to come from Beverly Farms to preside, and such veterans as Charles Eliot Norton and John S. Dwight recalled the old times by their presence. I am glad to learn that Roberts Bros. are preparing a complete edition of Sir Edwin Arnold's poems, in two volumes, for which he has written a preface. In this he expresses his approval and sanction of the condensation of the eight books into a portable and permanent form, and tenders his hearty thanks to his innumerable American friends and readers, who for the past eleven years have taken pleasure in his writings.

'Metzerott, Shoemaker' is the title of a remarkable book which T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish about the middle of October. It is one of those novels written with a philanthropic and reformatory purpose, which yet do not depend on this for their impressiveness, their strong characterizations, and their touches of humor and pathos. Christian Socialism is the cause which the novel is designed

to sustain and the story of the growth of the coöperative 'Prices' is full of dramatic power as well as of economic suggestiveness. There are a number of vigorously drawn characters in the story, the Socialist, Mezerott, being set off by the liberal Romanist, Father McCloskey, the devoted carpenter-preacher, Ernest Clare, the shrewd Sally Price, and the atheistic Dr. Richards and his attractive wife.

Another notable book which the same firm will publish on the same day is 'Social Aspects of Christianity, and Other Essays,' by Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Political Economy in Johns Hopkins University. The titles of the various chapters indicate its scope: I. Social Aspects of Christianity, including Statement of Fundamental Principles, the Simple Gospel of Christ, the Christian in the World but not of the World, the Alienation of Wage-workers from the Church. II. The Church and the World. III. Philanthropy. IV. Ethics and Economics. Dr. Ely's book is in the line of practical religion. He holds that there is little danger that the theoretical truth regarding our duties toward God will be overlooked, but that the real danger is of neglecting our duties toward our fellowmen. In regard to the alienation of the working classes from the Church, which in his judgment is growing, he attributes it to the fact that the leaders of the Church, its representative men and women, are not true to their professions of love for those classes, and hence the wide divergence between them. He complains that the Church has done next to nothing in the way of careful research in social science since the Reformation, and holds that half of the time of a theological student should be devoted to this subject, and that theological seminaries should be the chief centres of sociology.

'Ad Lucem' is the title of a dainty little volume by Mary Lloyd, which T. Y. Crowell & Co. are to publish the middle of October. It consists of brief selections in prose and verse for the consolation of afflicted and distressed persons. St. Augustine, Chrysostom, Jeremy Taylor, and Luther are represented in the former, while among the poets, Wordsworth, Clough, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Mrs. Thaxter and the Cary sisters furnish material for this attractive and helpful book.

Two little brochures, with pretty ribbon-tied covers, which are to be brought out in about a fortnight by the same firm, are entitled 'Talks about Fine Art' and 'The Children's Wing.' Their author, Elizabeth Glover, has an easy and bright way of setting forth the needs of the home in these relations, and the spice of humor with which she enlivens her practical suggestions adds much to their attractiveness.

Ticknor & Co. are to publish this week a valuable and interesting book entitled 'American Mansions.' The work is the result of many years labor by the late Carl Pfeiffer, F. A. J. A. of New York, who left over three hundred elaborate drawings, from which the publishers have selected 100 plates 14x18 inches in size. These will be issued in five parts, enclosed in a handsome portfolio. They represent designs for various classes of dwelling-houses with all their details, both decorative and constructive, carefully worked out. Mr. Bassett Jones and other skilful draughtsmen have contributed many drawings to the work.

Another valuable architectural work which Ticknor & Co. will bring out this week, is a reprint in a single volume of Charles Wickes's 'Spires and Towers of the Mediæval Churches of England,' originally published in three volumes. The force and delicacy of the prints have been preserved by the Heliotype Printing Co., and the valuable notes and criticisms of the original work are retained in this.

As the proposed Cathedral of St. John the Divine has an interest for many people outside of New York, I should think the enterprise of *The American Architect* in publishing selections from the designs submitted in competition would be widely appreciated. The publication will begin on Oct. 5 in enlarged issues of the imperial edition of the *Architect*. The original intention was to publish the designs in an elaborate book form, but disagreements among the competitors defeated this plan. But as the expense of the present project is much less, the public as well as subscribers to the *Architect*, which Ticknor & Co. are bent on still further improving, will be the gainers.

Mr. Edwin Lassetter Bynner, whose strong and picturesque novel, 'The Begum's Daughter,' is attracting so much interest in *The Atlantic*, is to read a paper on the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, before the Bostonian Society, on Oct. 8. Public interest in this ancient hostelry, which was in existence in 1712, the year the Old Corner Bookstore at Washington and School Streets was built, has been revived lately by the fact that a mammoth business structure is now being erected on its site, at the corner of State and Kilby Streets (Mackerel Lane), and that one of the original bunches of grapes (the sign of the old tavern) is to be placed in the front of the new building. The famous 'ordinary,' which was torn down to make

way for the New England Bank, has many interesting historical associations from the days of the Colonial Governors; and in 1776 the reading of the news of the Declaration of Independence from the balcony of the Old State House, near by, was followed by a bonfire of the Lion and Unicorn and other British emblems on the various public buildings, which had been collected in front of the Bunch of Grapes. The tavern was long noted as the best punch-house in Boston; Washington was dined there with his officers after attending religious services in the Old Brick Church in celebration of the evacuation of the town; and Lafayette partook of the hospitalities of the historic tavern on the day of his arrival in Boston in October, 1784. It will be seen from this brief sketch that Mr. Bynner has a fine opportunity for the exercise of his descriptive powers in delineating the picturesque scenes and characters identified with the Bunch of Grapes, and it seems eminently appropriate that his address should be delivered in the Council Chamber of the Old State House, which is filled with the portraits, costumes, and other historic treasures of the period.

Miss Caroline Ticknor, the youthful daughter of Mr. Benjamin H. Ticknor, is developing her talents as a story-writer with marked success, and her 'Evolution of a Bonnet,' in *Harper's Bazar* of Sept. 28 and Oct. 5, is thought to be one of her brightest productions.

BOSTON, Sept. 30, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### A New Poem by Tennyson

THE POEM promised by Lord Tennyson for Mrs. Burnett's department of the McClure Syndicate has just made its appearance. It was published in last Sunday's *World*, both in type and in fac-simile of the Laureate's handwriting; and it appears also in *The New Review* for October. It is a charming little song, called 'The Throstle.' In style it is thoroughly Tennysonian; however much the poet's handwriting may add to its interest, his autograph was not needed to attest its authenticity.

'Summer is coming, Summer is coming,'

I know it, I know it, I know it.

Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,

Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,

Last year you sang it as gladly.

'New, new, new, new!' Is it then so new

That you should carol so madly?

'Love again, song again, nest again, young again!'

Never a prophet so crazy,

And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,

See, there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy year,'

O warble, unbidden, unbidden.

Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,

And all the Winters are hidden.

### The Washington Memorial Arch

MR. WM. R. STEWART, Treasurer, 54 William Street, reports the fund's growth from Sept. 25 to Oct. 1, inclusive, to have been \$688. The amount in hand on the latter date was \$52,974.46, the week's subscriptions having been as follows:

\$250:—Hector C. Havemeyer.

\$100:—Edwin Booth.

\$50 each:—Anderson & Howland; John H. V. Arnold.

\$25 each:—E. Ellery Anderson; O. P. C. Billings; 'J. S. B.'; Wm. P. Dixon; Robert Olyphant.

\$14:—Clara Dressler and others, result of children's fair in Thirteenth Street (through *The Evening Telegram*).

\$10 each:—Chas. E. Carryl; Dr. Richard H. Derby.

\$5 each:—Dr. Milton J. Roberts; C. A. Peabody, Jr.; Prof. B. F. Lee; W. R. Warren; Calvin Tomkins; A. S. Frizzell; Prof. Willard Fiske; F. G. Maguire; E. H. Kendall; W. Swayne.

\$3 each:—Wm. P. Croasdale; G. D. Lamb.

\$2 each:—Duncan Buchanan; 'Cash'; C. Bigge; Wm. R. Jenkins; 'Friend'; G. B. Whitney; 'Cash'; Franklin Love; Reginald Woodward; 'Cash'; Charles W. Baldwin.

\$1:—Carl H. Braatz, Newport, R. I.



## A Waldensian Anniversary

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A reader of De Amicis's 'Alle Porte d'Italia' ('At the Gates of Italy') cannot fail to discover a fresh interest in the September anniversary just celebrated by the Waldensians, in their city of Torre Pellice. The charming author is at his best in a work descriptive of his native soil. How vividly the souvenir of summer days in Piedmont several years ago recurred to the memory, at the moment when, with this volume in the hand, the reader, led by De Amicis, ascended the interminable steps of the Fort of the Fenestrelle; wove a thread of romance in the dark history of Pignerolle as the notary's daughter leaned over her balcony to witness the triumphant entry into the town of the superb Duke of Savoy, Emanuele Philibert, mounted on a white charger and gleaming with jewels and velvet trappings; or met the little cowerd on the mountain side reading 'L'Histoire de l'Eglise Vaudoise'! Above the storm-clouds of French and Spanish invasion, De Amicis places the pure star of the Waldensian faith, 'the people of the Bible.' With reverence for their heroic sufferings, he claims that the terrible dates of their history (1561, 1655, 1686) are engraved on the trees, the rocks, the very road of their Thermopylæ, the valley of Angrogua.

To-day the Italian Geneva, Torre Pellice, the industrious little city with its lyceum, normal schools, and churches whence missionaries go forth to England, America and Africa, has invited all the world to the inauguration of a monument commemorating the return of the Waldensians to their native valleys after expulsion by cruel persecution. This monument is a house of simple architecture, with an audience chamber for the annual meeting of the Synod, and above-stairs a museum in which to treasure documents of the persecution, the arms of their ancient captains, the cannon-balls launched by Gen. Catinat against the fortifications of Balziglia, together with arrows and lances collected by the Waldensian missionary, the Cavalier Weitzker, on the banks of the Zambesi. Surely the august shades of Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell were among the guests! Thus the full light of civilization is shed abroad, and, aided from the private purse of the noble-minded Humbert, the Waldensians chant their hymns of praise to God, and long life to the King who has accorded liberty of conscience to all his subjects.

VIA REGGIO, Sept. 9, 1889.

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

## Households of Women

[The Boston Traveller]

THE discussion invited by a recent paper on 'Households of Women' which appeared in THE CRITIC is one of interest in its relation to the education of girls. The writer claimed that the massing together of pupils and teachers, in women's colleges, is a custom that has a very injurious effect, and she specifies logical reasons for this. Perhaps in nothing has THE CRITIC, justly famous for enterprise as it is, touched a more vital, important question of the day. Schools for women exclusively, both in colleges, and the fashionable boarding-schools of the city, are rapidly multiplying, and if the education they impart is one-sided and limited, it is a matter for serious consideration. Miss Wheeler made an error in asserting that the Harvard Annex desired a dormitory, but was prevented by lack of funds. On the contrary, such educators as Mr. Arthur Gilman and Mrs. Agassiz would not for a moment consider such a plan. Mr. Gilman put his views on record, and writes to THE CRITIC of this date, saying:

Miss Wheeler is in error when she says, in her interesting article, that the Harvard Annex is only restrained from having a dormitory by the lack of funds. We are, and always have been, as much opposed to the massing of girls and their teachers as she can be. I have carried out my own views in establishing Margaret Winthrop Hall as the residence of the Cambridge School for Girls. A very small number can be accommodated there, and not one of the teachers of the young ladies is permitted to live with them. When they leave school they are as completely free from the school 'atmosphere' as any attendants upon a day school are when they retire to their homes. The Annex can, however, never mass its students and their teachers, for the reason that all of its instructors are men—professors in Harvard University.

It is a little singular, considering the well-known fact of the last reason alleged by Mr. Gilman, that such an error could have been made regarding the Annex by so intelligent a writer as Miss Wheeler. The great distinguishing feature of the unsurpassed, if not unrivalled, education conferred by the Harvard Annex is, that its students have the inestimable advantage of instruction from such men as the Professors of Harvard University. It is to be hoped that this question may invite wide general discussion.

## The Fine Arts

## Art Notes

THE September *Portfolio* has for frontispiece a remarkably artistic etching, by Edward Slocombe, of an old half-timbered street in Rouen, with projecting upper stories and flower-filled balconies. Of Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey an exterior view is etched by H. Railton; and there is a somewhat stiff engraving by E. P. Brandard after a water-color by Bonnington of a 'Heath Traversed by a Winding Road.' The drawings in the text include several of tombs and 'scutcheons' in Westminster Abbey; a sketch of rhinoceri fighting, by Joseph Wolf, and some illustrations of Japanese sword-guards. The writer (A. H. Church) of the article on sword-guards seems to be one of the comparatively few collectors who appreciate the importance of the earlier specimens in hammered iron, and their immense artistic superiority to the attractive modern works in bronze, silver and other metals. There is an article on 'Fine Art in the Paris Exhibition' by Walter Armstrong, who says that after the French, no other nation makes so good a showing as the United States, yet, in our painters' work, 'the note of depth is absolutely wanting.'

—The *Art Amateur* for September has two colored plates, 'The Day's Work Done,' an English or Norman harvest-scene with huge wain, heavily built white horses, and laborers resting near the partly built wheat-stack at evening; also a design for a salad bowl, with cactuses in blue, white and green. 'My Note-Book' discusses 'What will be done with "The Angelus"?' and the prices at the Secretan sale. In illustration of the articles on pen-drawings, of which the magazine is publishing a series, there is, among other cuts, an exquisite full-page study of sweet-peas after Victor Dangon. Articles on leather-work, on fret-sawing, and on the arrangement of curtains are very fully illustrated, and the various editorial departments are, as usual, full of practical hints for the amateur, the artist, and the collector.

—Macmillan & Co. publish early this month 'Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmanship,' by Joseph Pennell, with photogravures and other illustrations, including examples after Sir Frederick Leighton, E. J. Poynter, Frederick Walker, Randolph Caldecott, George Du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Harry Furniss, E. A. Abbey and Robert Blum, among a host of well-known English and American artists. They announce also 'The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,' by Holman Hunt. This, too, will be illustrated.

—The Metropolitan Museum of Art will close on Oct. 15 and reopen on Nov. 4, when the fall reception will be held. The main hall of the old building will then be re-opened.

—The *Athenæum* hears that M. Verestchagin 'is now in New York, and intent on having an exhibition of his pictures there.' The writer is evidently unaware that M. Verestchagin's exhibition was given a year ago. The same paper quotes the statement of a Paris journal, that 'three portraits by Rembrandt, chief ornaments of the gallery of the Princesse de Sagan, have been sold à des Américains—that is, to agents from the United States.'

## The Coming Dramatic Season

[The Evening Post]

... FORTUNATELY, there yet remain to us here in New York three managers at least who find it both pleasant and profitable to produce, in the best available manner, plays of positive, if not always of transcendent, merit, and it is in them that the intelligent theatre-goer puts his main trust. They are, of course, A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly, and Daniel Frohman, to set them down in order of their seniority, and it is to be hoped, in the interests of art, that the rivalry between them, already close, may grow stronger and more active. Mr. Palmer, whose powerful and versatile company has been employed of late in the interpretation of a kind of domestic melodrama, will begin his next regular season with 'Aunt Jack,' a farcical comedy in which Agnes Booth will play the eccentric character made famous in London by Mrs. John Wood. This production will be interesting chiefly as a test of the lighter resources of the company, and an additional proof of the wide range of Mrs. Booth's abilities. It is still uncertain, apparently, what will be the serious undertaking of the season. Mr. Palmer has the control of Jones's 'Middle Man,' and is talking of trying one of Ibsen's plays, 'The Pillars of Society,' and there can be no doubt that such an experiment would awaken a lively interest, although the excitement might not last very long. ... Mr. Daly is the possessor of Pinero's 'The Profligate,' which, according to critical report, is one of the best plays seen in London for many a long day, and he is also making preparations for a revival of 'As You Like It,' a theatrical event of the first importance. ... Mr. Frohman, at the Lyceum, will attempt to repeat his success with 'The Wife' in a

new society play, and is likely to do so, as he is a shrewd and capable man, with an uncommonly quick appreciation of the qualities and tastes of an audience. . . . The appearance together of Edwin Booth and Mme. Modjeska will furnish entertainment of the rarest kind, if the supporting company proves to be decently competent. Modjeska's 'Ophelia' is a masterpiece, lovely in its grace, brilliant in truth and insight, vital in passion, and irresistible in its pathos. No such interpretation of the part has been seen in this or the preceding generations, even by those who remember Kate Terry and Helen Faucit. It is needless, of course, to speak of Booth's 'Hamlet.' We are promised also 'Richelieu,' 'Much Ado,' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' all of which are full of the richest possibilities. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the director of this enterprise, has an excellent opportunity to distinguish himself in the production of these plays by adopting the standard set for him by Henry Irving. He would thus win the gratitude of all art-lovers, and add new glories to the triumph which he expects to win in his own new piece, 'Ganelon.' It is not often that any manager has such a chance to give an adequate interpretation of Shakespeare.

Another notable event will be the return of Salvini, the greatest tragic actor of this century, who will be seen as 'Othello,' 'Niger,' and, for the first time in many years, as 'Samson,' the part in which he made his first great hit more than forty years ago. When he first played it here, in Italian, with Piamonti, Majeroni, and others of that remarkable company, he amazed and thrilled all spectators with the sweep and fury of his passion, and the revival now will be awaited with the most eager expectation. He will act with an English company this time, and as the translation has been made by Mr. Howells, the dialogue will not provoke ridicule. The descent from the mighty Italian to other players must always be abrupt; but the Kendals are, or used to be, artists of no mean ability, and we are to see them in plays of established popularity. In 'A Scrap of Paper' Mr. Kendal will be heavily handicapped by the memory of Lester Wallack, but his wife's 'Suzanne' ought to be a very good performance, and in 'The Iron Master' and other plays these old English favorites will doubtless furnish cause for honest admiration. Charles Wyndham is a very clever light comedian, with several capital actors in his train, and his 'David Garrick' is certain to attract a great deal of attention, especially as it must inevitably be compared with the familiar impersonation by Sothorn.

When we come to the names of Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence, the loss of John Gilbert asserts itself with a painful shock. There is no one to fill the place of that faithful man and accomplished artist, but Mr. Varrey is the only available substitute for him, and may be depended upon to give intelligent support to his more famous associates. Jefferson, of course, is *facile princeps* among living comedians, but Florence, by means of his great versatility, is nearer to him than is generally allowed. Their combined work will provide a rich treat for connoisseurs. The return of Wilson Barrett, the Boulanger of the stage, may be mentioned as a matter of record, but his best efforts are as naught compared with the closing impersonations of Janauschek—a wreck, but a great one. For the laughter-lovers there will be Rosina Vokes, one of the funniest and cleverest of eccentric comedians, and her sister Victoria—almost an unknown quantity now,—and Nat Goodwin, who is trying, by the grace of Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop, to put his undoubted ability to something like legitimate use, and W. H. Crane, certainly a good actor, who boldly challenges comparison with Coquelin, and pledges himself to an effort upon 'Falstaff,' a forlorn hope with a bare chance of dazzling victory. Last, but perhaps not least, there is the 'Richard III.' of Richard Mansfield, an ambitious young actor, who is the victim of an advertising bureau of the most reckless description. He is said to be the equal of Edmund Kean. Let us hope that he is. Should he fail to reach that eminence, there will be consolation in the thought that Edwin Booth is yet alive.

This brief and imperfect review must not be closed without a word of recognition of the merciful Providence that has interfered to save the theatre from the disgrace of the appearance upon the stage, for this season at least, of two or three brazen women who hoped to profit by their own infamy, the unscrupulousness of vile speculators, and the prurient curiosity of the ignorant public that reads the scandal-mongering press. Perhaps that same beneficent Providence may abate the present silly worship of juvenile prodigies. . . .

### Current Criticism

SEPTEMBER'S HARVEST.—Within the past month the deaths of five writers of eminence in different literary fields have been recorded. Dr. Allibone will be most remembered for his 'Critical Dictionary of Literature and Authors,' which finds a place in every reference library, but he gave to the world numerous other valued

works. Zachariah Stoyanoff, President of the Bulgarian Sorbranje, was not only the most strenuous political leader of that country, but he was also a charming poet and the ablest writer on economic and general public questions in the whole Balkan Peninsula. Miss Amy Levy, at the age of twenty-seven, had already won international recognition as a novelist and critical writer, and was regarded as one of the most promising of contemporary Jewish authors. Wilkie Collins has for more than a generation been one of the world's favorite story-tellers, and as a constructive novelist will probably always hold a place in the foremost rank. Eliza Cook, whose death is recorded this morning, was a personality little known to the present generation, but some of her poems have won a popular immortality that might well be envied by many poets of more conspicuous presence and more pretentious fame.—*The Tribune*.

THE FUNCTION OF THE CRITIC.—The function of the critic is a supremely noble one. It is as necessary as it is noble, and as honorable as it is useful. To expose the shams that everywhere exist, to unmask pretentiousness, to prevent a shallow writer from being even temporarily thought profound, or of a commonplace author from imposing on his contemporaries as an original thinker, is a real service to literature. The good which the periodical press does in this respect is quite as great as that which it renders to politics and to society generally. It also does a signal service to the writers themselves, because some authors, perhaps in proportion to their originality, are inclined to over-estimate themselves. Others live so much in a little world of their own that they are ignorant of what lies beyond it, and their best work is therefore out of the line of public sympathy. Others again have no sense of literary proportion, and become eccentric as soon as they have achieved a single success. Now to such persons sharp criticism is invaluable. Even in its severest form it does them good, and it saves society from what would otherwise be the infliction of second-rate or third-rate workmanship. It is amazing to think of the amount of bad work—literary rubbish of all sorts—that would have been allowed to live for a time if the strong hand of criticism had not swept it into oblivion.—*Prof. Knight, in The Nineteenth Century*.

### Notes

MISS JOSEPHINE LAZARUS has written a paper on the short-lived Russian artist, Marie Bashkirtseff, whose memoirs, recently published in Paris, have attracted so much attention. It will be printed in *Scribner's* for November. Miss Lazarus is a younger sister of the late Miss Emma Lazarus, whose memory she has embalmed in the sympathetic yet critical memoir published anonymously in *The Century* and afterwards prefixed, still without her name, to the two volumes of Poems issued from the Riverside Press. She is an acute critic as well as a graceful writer. Mr. Stevenson, we are glad to hear, is to be one of the leading contributors to *Scribner's* next year. His connection with the magazine has been one of the mainsprings of its prosperity.

—Harper & Bros. make promise of 'Cathedrals and Abbeys in Great Britain,' the text by the Rev. Richard Wheatley; 'London: A Pilgrimage,' the text by Blanchard Jerrold and illustrations by Doré; 'The Quiet Life,' illustrated by Abbey and Parsons; 'Redeeming the Republic,' a new volume in Charles Carleton Coffin's war series for young people; 'City Boys in the Woods; or, A Trapping Venture in Maine,' by Henry P. Wells; and a 'Life of Martin Van Buren,' by George Bancroft.

—*The New Review* has met with such success that ten pages will be added to its size. The 'specialty' of the *Review* seems to be short, bright articles. Contributions to the English reviews are more conspicuous, as a rule, for length and solidity than for brightness.

—The Century Co. will issue in book form Mrs. Catherwood's 'Romance of Dollard,' and a volume of short stories, 'Daddy Jake, the Runaway,' by Joel Chandler Harris.

—Macmillan & Co.'s announcements include a new volume of Poems by Lord Tennyson and of Essays by Prof. Huxley; 'The Elements of Politics,' by Prof. Henry Sidgwick; 'Problems of Greater Britain,' by Sir Charles Dilke; 'Wild Beasts and their Ways in Asia, Africa, America, from 1845-88,' by Sir Samuel Baker; 'On Style: with Other Studies in Literature,' by Walter Pater; 'Cults and Monuments of Ancient Athens,' by Miss Jane Harrison and Mrs. A. W. Verrall; 'A History of the Later Roman Empire from Arcadius to Irene, A.D. 395-800,' by John B. Bury; 'The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture,' by Prof. Charles H. Moore; 'Eminent Women of Our Times,' by Mrs. Fawcett; 'Letters of Keats,' edited by Sidney Colvin; 'The Cra-



dle of the Aryans,' by G. H. Rendall; 'The Makers of Modern Italy: Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi,' by J. A. R. Marriott; Vol. II., Part 2, and Vol. III., Part 1, of the Philological Society's Dictionary; 'A Reputed Changeling; or, Three Seventh Years Two Centuries Ago,' by Charlotte M. Yonge; 'The Rectory Children,' by Mrs. Molesworth; and a new edition of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' by John Saunders, assisted by Dr. Furnivall.

—We have already called attention to the prospectus of *The English Illustrated Magazine* for the year beginning with its October number. A new type has been adopted, and the text is to be printed in a single column, extending across the page. The appearance of the illustrations, also, will be improved by the use of a heavier paper than heretofore. Lord Lytton's new story, 'The Ring of Amasis,' will be begun in the first issue of the new volume.

—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the English actors, who are to make a tour this season under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman, arrived in New York on Sunday evening on the Servia. They went at once to the Victoria Hotel, where they were seen by a reporter, who says of the lady that 'her personal appearance is extremely pleasant and her manner charming. Without being in any sense beautiful, her features are comely, and when animated by conversation they are remarkably bright and expressive. She is above the medium height, well-proportioned, and noticeably easy and graceful in her carriage.' Mr. Kendal is described as a 'typical Englishman, tall, strongly built, florid in complexion, and hearty in manner.' They are to open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday night in 'A Scrap of Paper.'

—Signor Salvini arrived on Sunday night, on the Bretagne. He will begin his season at Palmer's Theatre next Thursday evening, the opening piece being 'Samson.'

—A play of Ibsen's has at last been given in this city. A German version of 'Et Dukke-Hjem,' the drama known in English as 'A Doll's House' and 'Nora,' was brought out at Amberg's Theatre on Thursday evening of last week. The translation was by Wilhelm Lange, and Fräulein Leithner played the leading part, but the performance dragged somewhat. It may not be known, or at least remembered, that Mme. Modjeska, who had given many representations of the play in Polish, in her native country, appeared as Nora in an English version of the piece which ran for a week in Louisville some years ago.

—Mr. Cable has dramatised his story, 'Bonaventure,' with the hope of having it put upon the stage. The dramatization has been read by one or two actors and managers, who are agreed that in its present form it lacks sufficient action.

—M. Théophile Manoury, the distinguished French baritone, has been engaged as Professor of singing in the National Conservatory of Music, to whose President, Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, the composer Massenet has written a letter describing her latest acquisition as one of the most brilliant pupils of the Conservatoire, an excellent musician, and a remarkable singer. M. Manoury created the part of Hamlet at the Reggio, Turin, and that of Herode in Massenet's 'Herodiade' at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. He is expected to arrive in New York to-morrow (Sunday), and will go to work at once. He is a young man still, lacking two months of thirty-nine.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. are preparing illustrated editions of Guy de Maupassant's 'Pierre et Jean' ('The Two Brothers'), of 'Rab and His Friends,' of Lover's 'The Low-Backed Car,' and of Tennyson's 'The Miller's Daughter'; while Little, Brown & Co. make mention of 'Myth and Folk-Lore of Ireland,' by Jeremiah Curtin.

—Scribner & Welford are issuing, in very 'swell' form, at a high price, and by subscription only, a three-volume dictionary of 'Slang and its Analogues.' It embodies the unacademic phrases heard in Mayfair and Piccadilly, as well as the cant terms of the shops and the thieves' Latin of the lowest classes. The work is compiled and edited by John S. Farmer, author of 'Americanisms, Old and New.'

—Dodd, Mead & Co. are to publish this fall 'Etchings,' twenty-five examples by modern masters; a two-volume edition of the poems of Austin Dobson; a four-volume edition of 'Consuelo'; 'The Letters of the Duke of Wellington to Miss J., 1834-51'; and 'The Diary of Philip Hone, 1828-45,' edited by Bayard Tuckerman.

—*Harper's Bazar* (Oct. 8) will contain an article by Christine Terhune Herrick, on 'Will Power in the Nursery'—a not unfruitful theme!

—*The Woman's Cycle* is the name of a new journal for women edited by Mrs. J. C. Croly, better known as 'Jennie June,' and published in New York. The first number bears the stamp of ex-

perienced editorship, and is bright and readable. It is quite evident that full justice is to be done to women's talents in this journal—as, for example, in the studio column. One feels rather ashamed, on reading it, of not having realized before the full measure of the greatness of these masters—or mistresses—of art. Olive Thorne Miller, Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, Ella Dietz Clymer, Moncure D. Conway and Theodore Stanton are among the contributors to *The Woman's Cycle*—which is a bi(monthly)cyclo, being issued every other Thursday.

—Attracted, apparently, by the success of *Public Opinion*, Funk & Wagnalls announce *The Eclectic Bi-Weekly*, to consist of extracts from daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly American, English and Continental publications. Boston's new venture, *The Transatlantic*, which is more restricted in its field, as its name implies, promises 'a translated novelette and a piece of European music' in each number, and on the front page of the cover 'a large portrait of some European celebrity of the time.'

—Mr. O. B. Frothingham's friends who may not have seen him recently, and the many admirers of his writings who have never seen him at all, will be glad to hear that he is in good health and spirits, and has passed a very pleasant summer at Beverly Farms and Manchester by the Sea.

—'The Dead Heat,' the new play produced by Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre, London, has not been very well received by the critics though they seem to think it will be a popular success.

—Mr. Edward J. Bok, who for five or six years has been connected with the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, has accepted the position of editor in chief of *The Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia. While the *Journal* is one of the youngest monthlies, it is also one of the most successful, having a circulation which is understood to approach 500,000 copies. It is a coincidence that so young a monthly should have the youngest editor, and that he should be paid the largest salary, with possibly one exception, paid to the editor of any magazine in America. Mr. Bok will continue his newspaper syndicate connection, which has brought him money, experience and friends.

—Mrs. Maude Howe Elliott's 'Phyllida,' which begins in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*, is a society novel of New England life.

—The members of the Wednesday Morning Club, a select literary society of Pittsfield, Mass., of which Miss Anna L. Dawes is President, voted last week on their favorite novels. 'Lorna Doone' came in ahead, with 'Romola' a good second.

—In Prof. Max Müller's 'Three Lectures on the Science of Language,' noticed recently in these columns, the statement of 'an eminent American scholar, Mr. Horatio Hale,' to the effect that 'the discovery of the Sanskrit language and literature has been of more value to England in the retention and increase of her Indian Empire, than an army of a hundred thousand men,' is quoted and endorsed.

—Fords, Howard & Hulbert issued yesterday (Friday) 'Unto the Uttermost,' by James M. Campbell. The theme is a religious one.

—D. Appleton & Co. announce a 'Text-book of Animal Physiology,' by Prof. Wesley Mills of McGill University; a third edition of Charles Darwin's 'Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs,' with an appendix by Prof. T. G. Bonney; and 'The Town-Dweller,' by Dr. Milner Fothergill.

—Judge Hughes writes to the *London Times* that he had no desire to injure the good name or interfere with the business of Messrs. Ginn & Co. when he complained recently of their 'revised' version of 'Tom Brown.' He says that he does not remember very distinctly what he said to the firm's agent on the occasion of his call (he had already refused his consent by letter), but can quite believe that he 'may have used expressions as to the book having served its purpose, etc., which, though not so intended by me, may have fairly led him to the conclusion at which he wished to arrive, and which he reported to his principals.'

—Gebbie & Co. of Philadelphia announce the Marquis de Belloy's 'Christopher Columbus and the Discovery of the New World'; 'Half a Century of Music in England,' by Franz Hueffer; Arsène Houssaye's 'Seven Years at the Comédie-Française,' with portraits of actors; and 'Indian Life, Religious and Social,' by John C. Oman.

—Mr. Salem H. Scudder of Cambridge, Mass., has completed his 'Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada, with Special Reference to New England.' It is in three volumes, containing 2000 pages of text and about the same number of illustrations, and the price is \$75.

—'Kit and Kittie,' a new novel by R. D. Blackmore, will be published in November. If a long rest from literary work means good results when the pen is resumed, 'Kit and Kittie' should be worth waiting for. But we do not expect another 'Lorna Doone.'

—The late Miss Amy Levy began publishing at sixteen years of age, and at twenty-seven had become a voluminous author.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day (Saturday) 'The New Eldorado: A Summer Journey to Alaska,' by Maturin M. Ballou; 'The Reconstruction of Europe,' covering the period from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire, by Harold Murdock; and Prof. Charles S. Sargent's selections from the 'Scientific Papers of Asa Gray,' in two volumes, one of reviews and the other of essays.

—Mr. Poultny Bigelow will give in *Harper's Weekly*, published on Oct. 9, an account of a day which he spent as a special guest 'With the Troops at a German Military Manœuvre.' With the illustrations that accompany it, the paper will fill a four-page supplement. Mr. Bigelow has reprinted in pamphlet form his laudatory article on the young German Emperor, which appeared in the *August New Review*.

—Stepniak's new novel, 'The Career of a Nihilist,' will shortly be issued in London by Walter Scott. It deals with movements of revolutionary life in Russia, the hero being one of the chief agents of the Nihilist party.

—Robt. Clarke & Co. will publish, if subscriptions enough are received, a 'History of the Girtys: A Life-Record of Three Renegades of the Revolution' (Simon Girty and his brothers James and George). The book is by Consul Willshire Butterfield, already the author of several volumes relating to the Northwest Territory.

—The cost of the new Catalogue of the Astor Library, which has been in preparation for six or seven years, has amounted to about \$50,000. The *Tribune* thus describes the work:

It is in four volumes of 4,000 pages each, and is in all respects one of the finest catalogues ever made, embodying, as it does, all the newest and best ideas of the foremost librarians. Copies of it have been sent gratuitously to all the large libraries in this country and Europe, and are also offered for sale at the Library at \$30 the set. The Librarian said yesterday that the affairs of the library are in every respect in a most satisfactory condition. The completion of the Catalogue will increase the amount of money to be spent on books and enable the Librarian to purchase virtually all the new publications on science, art, history and literature that he considers valuable. The shelves already contain 250,000 volumes, covering every department of learning, and the amount of original research done there each year is constantly increasing.

—*Truth* of Scranton, Pa., which has given Homer Greene, the veteran literary prize-winner, \$100 for a prize national song, 'The Banner of the Sea,' is trying to get, for the same price, the best possible musical setting for the piece.

—Dr. J. C. Stockbridge of Providence, R. I., has reduced by forty per cent. the price of his 'Annotated Catalogue of the Harris Collection of American Poetry,' originally published at \$5 to \$15.

—D. Lothrop Co. announce 'Our Asiatic Cousins,' by Mrs. Leonowens, and 'Stories of New France,' by Mrs. A. M. Machan; G. P. Putnam's Sons 'The Life and Work of Charles Darwin,' by Prof. Charles F. Holder, and 'American War Ballads'; and Lee & Shepard 'The Tartuffian Age,' by Paul Mantegazza, and 'The Future of Morals and Religion,' by Lawrence Gronlund.

—Messrs. Harper will issue a limited edition of Dr. Hill's standard 'Boswell's Johnson,' with numerous portraits not contained in the Oxford publication. Dr. Hill is to Johnson and his biographer what Canon Ainger is to Lamb.

—Longmans, Green & Co. will publish ere long 'A Life of Lord John Russell,' by Spencer Walpole; 'A Selection from the Despatches and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir George F. Bowen,' by Stanley Lane-Poole; 'Cardinal Lavigerie and Slavery in Africa,' a sort of autobiography; 'Clavers, the Despot's Champion,' a biography of Graham of Claverhouse; 'A Memoir of Rt. Rev. F. J. McDougall,' by C. J. Bunyan; 'Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books,' by W. A. B. Coolidge; and 'The Skipper in the Arctic Seas.'

—Mrs. Burnett began her Young People's Page for the McClure Syndicate in last Sunday's papers. She says that if it had not been for one of her boys, 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' would never have been written, and but for their approval when she read them the story in manuscript, it would never have been published. Mrs. Burnett has just bought a house in Surrey, where she will live while in England.

—Wilkie Collins wrote to his American publishers, the Harpers, in 1873 or 4:

Wherever I go I meet with the same kindness and the same enthusiasm. I really want words to express my grateful sense of my reception

in America. It is not only more than I have deserved, it is more than any man could have deserved. I have never met with such a cordial and such a generous people as the people of the United States. Let me add that I thrive on this kindness. I keep wonderfully well.

—A statue of the late Louisa M. Alcott is to be modelled this winter by Frank E. Elwell, who was an intimate friend of the author. There is a rumor that it may be placed in the Free Public Library of Concord.

—The regular monthly issue of the Great Writers Series, which for some time has been suspended, will shortly be resumed. A 'Life of Thackeray,' by Mr. Herman Merivale, will be followed by 'Lessing,' by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, and 'Milton,' by Dr. Garnett. Mr. Moncure Conway is to write the volume on Hawthorne.

—Dom Luis I., King of Portugal, is known among Continental litterateurs as one of the ablest translators of Shakespeare.

—Mr. Harold Frederic writes to the *Times* that Coquelin will open at the Porte St. Martin in a new historical play by Sardou, the scene of which is laid in the Reign of Terror. 'It is understood that as soon as his appearance is formally announced, the Théâtre Français will bring suit against the actor, which he is quite ready to contest on the ground that others also have quitted that theatre and done as they liked.'

—About 150,000 names are entered on the roll of the Chatauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, whose founders hold that 'it is never too late to begin self-education, and that education ends only with life.' What the members of the Circle receive is a course of home reading in literature, science, and art; text-books especially prepared by well-known authors; a monthly magazine, with additional readings, and explanatory notes; papers (memoranda), for fixing and arranging facts, not for examinations; and a diploma (not a degree) at the end of the course. 'It is estimated that forty minutes a day for nine months in the year for four years, will enable the average reader to satisfactorily complete the course.' Under the guiding hand of Chancellor Vincent and his zealous aids, there can be no doubt that Chatauqua is doing a great educational work in America.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Bourinot, John G. Federal Government in Canada. \$1. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University.
- Carleton, Will. City Legends. \$2.50. Boston: Harper & Bros.
- Child, Theodore. Summer Holidays. \$1.25. Boston: Harper & Bros.
- Collins, Mabel. The Blossom and the Fruit. 50c. Boston: J. W. Lovell Co.
- Collis, S. M. A Woman's War Record. 75c. Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Darwin, Charles. Coral Reefs. \$2. Boston: D. Appleton & Co.
- De Quincey, T. Selections from. Ed. by W. H. Bennett. 2 vols. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.
- Deutsch, Solomon. Drill-Master in German. \$1.75. Boston: Baker & Taylor Co.
- Dickens, Charles. Collection of Letters. \$1.25. Boston: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Emery, M. S. Every Day Business. 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Fothergill, Caroline. Diana Wentworth. 45c. Boston: Harper & Bros.
- Fowler, W. W. A Year with the Birds. \$1.25. Boston: Macmillan & Co.
- Fry, James B. Military Miscellanies. \$2.50. Boston: Macmillan & Co.
- Genevieve. \$1.25. Boston: Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- Hearn, Lafcadio. Chitra. \$1. Boston: Harper & Bros.
- Henty, G. A. The Curse of Carne Hold. 30c. Boston: Frank F. Lovell & Co.
- H. L. S. What One Can Do with a Chafing-Dish. 75c. Boston: John Ireland.
- Holmes, O. W. The Guardian Angel. 50c. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Houston, E. J. Dictionary of Electrical Words, etc. \$2.50. Boston: W. J. Johnston Co.
- Howells, W. D. Character and Comments from the Novels of. Selected by Minnie Macoun. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Hubert, Philip G. The Nursery Lesson Book. 75c. Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Keary, C. F. The Dawn of History. \$1.25. Boston: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Klemm, L. R. European Schools. \$2. Boston: D. Appleton & Co.
- Knox, Thomas W. The Boy Travellers in Mexico. \$3. Boston: Harper & Bros.
- Lillie, Lucy C. Esther's Fortune. 50c. Boston: Phila.: Porter & Coates.
- Lockwood, Ingersoll. Little Baron Trump. \$2. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Longfellow, H. W. Ballads, Lyrics and Sonnets. \$1. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.
- Lyall, Edna. A Hardy Norseman. \$1.50. Boston: D. Appleton & Co.
- Opic, Oliver. Within the Lines. \$1.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Peck, Ellen O. Dialogues and Recitations. 50c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Peale, Margaret. In the Time of the Cherry Viewing. 25c. Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Prudden, T. M. The Story of the Bacteria. 75c. Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Roser, S. T. Home Candy-Making. 40c. Boston: Phila.: Arnold & Co.
- Ruskin, John. Præterita. Vol. III. Chap. IV. 25c. Boston: John Wiley & Sons.
- Scott, W. Marmion. Ed. by Thomas Bayne. 50c. Boston: Macmillan & Co.
- Shakespeare, W. Cymbeline. Othello. Ed. by K. Deighton. 60c. each. Macmillan & Co.
- Smith, Jeanie O. Day Lilies. \$1.50. Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Stedman, E. C., and Hutchinson, E. M. A Library of American Literature. Vol. IX. \$3. C. L. Webster & Co.
- Stevens, Alice F. Authors Calendar, 1890. \$1. Boston: Greenough, Hopkins & Cushing.
- Stryker, M. W. Church Song. Boston: Biglow & Main.
- Tennyson, A. Interludes, Lyrics and Idylls. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Travel, Adventure and Sport. 40c. Boston: White & Allen.
- Wachenhusen, H. The Golgotha of the Heart. 25c. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
- Wallace, Lester. Memories of Fifty Years. \$1.50. Boston: Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Woods, Kate T. The Wooing of Grandmother Grey. \$2. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Wordsworth, Wm. Select Poems. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe. 50c. Boston: Harper & Bros.



